

The Politick SQUIRE's GARLAND;

Containing 3 favourite NEW SONGS.

1. The Politick SQUIRE; Or, The Rich COUNSELLOR Outwitted.
2. The TEMPEST of WAR.
LIBERTY: An excellent SONG.





The Politick SQUIR

O R,

The Counsellor Outwitted

OF a Rich Counsellor I write,
Who had an only Daughter;
She was a charming Beauty bright,
But mark what follows after.

Her Uncle left her, I declare,
A sumptuous large Possession;
Her Father he was to take Care,
And marry her with Discretion.

She had ten Thousand Pounds a Year
In Gold and Silver ready;
And courted was by many a Peer,
Yet none could gain the Lady.

At length a 'Squire's Youngest Son
In private came a Wooing;
And when he had her Favour won,
He cry'd, I fear my Ruin.

The Youthful Lady then reply'd,
 Must confess I love thee;
 With Lords and Knights I have refus'd,
 None I prize above thee:
 Thou art a Jewel in my Eye,
 That not all my Care is;
 Near 'twill be thy Doom to die,
 For stealing of an Heiress.
 The young Man then did Answer make,
 If a Politician;
 Your Father is a Counsellor,
 I tell him my Condition:
 Ten Guineas, Love, shall be his Fee,
 I'll think I am some Stranger;
 And for that Gold he'll Council me,
 And keep me free from Danger.
 Then to her Father's House he goes,
 The very next Day after;
 But would not let the Lawyer know,
 The Lady was his Daughter.
 Now when the Lawyer saw the Gold,
 And thought he should be the Gainer,
 A pleasant Trick to him he told,
 With Safety to obtain her.

Let her provide a Horse, he cry'd,
 And get You up behind her;
 Unto some private Parson ride,
 Before her Parents find her.

Then she steals you, you must complain
 And so avoid their Fury:
 And this is Law I will maintain,
 Before a Judge or Jury.

Take here my written Hand and Seal
 Tell her what I advise you;
 And if you any Danger feel,
 In Court I will stand by you.

I give you thanks, the young Man said
 By You I am befriended;
 Unto your House I'll bring my Bride,
 When all the Work is ended.

O then before the Break of Day,
 The News to her he carried;
 And she her Father's Council took,
 And they were safely married.

When they all Night had taken Ease,
 In Joys beyond Expressing,
 They both went Home, fell on their knees
 And ask'd their Father's Blessing.

d, When the Counsellor beheld 'em both,
 He rav'd like one Distracted ;
 And vow'd to be reveng'd on both,
 When he found what was acted.

plain O then bespoke the new-made Son,
 There can be no Indicting ;
 That this is Law which we have done,
 Here is your own Hand-Writing.

Seal O then reply'd the Counsellor,
 Was ever Man so fitted ?
 My Hand and Seal I can't deny ;
 By You I am Outwitted.

fa She might have had Lords and Knights,
 Of Royal Lines descended ;
 e, But since You are her Heart's Delight,
 I will not be offended.

She has ten Thousand Pounds a Year,
 Was left her by my Brother ;
 And when I die there will be more,
 For Child I have no other.

Ease, If I the Nuptial-Knot should part,
 'Twould be Cruel out of Measure ;
 needs Then live and love with all my Heart,
 In Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure.



T H E

Tempest of WAR.

A N E W S O N G.

Sung by Mr. LOWE at VAUXHALL.

I.

LET the Tempest of War,
Be heard from afar,
While Trumpets shrill Clangor alarms;
Let the Vallies around,
With an Eccho resound,
And a terrible Clashing of Arms,

II

Let Rivers of Blood,
Run down like a Flood,
While Mortals are gasping for Breath;
Let the Brave, if they will,
By Courage and Skill,
Seek a Glory and Conquest in Death.

III.

To live close and retire,
 It is all my Desire,
 With my Flocks and my Chloe possest;
 For with these we obtain,
 True Peace without Pain,
 And a lasting Enjoyment of Rest.

IV.

In a Cottage or Cell,
 Where Shepherds do dwell,
 With Innocence, Freedom, and Ease;
 We live peaceable Lives,
 Who are blest with good Wives,
 That study their Husbands to please.

V.

What Blessings below,
 Can Heaven bestow,
 Excelling such Quiet as this?
 No Afflictions come near,
 No Griefs interfere,
 For to lesser Measure of Bliss.



®
A new Song call'd LIBERTY.

Since ev'ry Charm on Earth combine,
In Chloe's Face, in Chloe's Mind,
Why was I born, ye Gods! to see,
What robb'd me of my LIBERTY?
Why was I born, &c.

Until that fatal, hapless Day,
My Heart was lively, blyth, and gay;
Could sport with ev'ry Nymph but she
Who robs me of my LIBERTY.

Now to the darksome Woods I rove,
Reflecting on the Pangs of Love;
And envy every Clown I see,
Enjoy the Sweets of LIBERTY.

Think then, dear Chloë, 'ere too late,
That Death must be my hapless Fate,
If Love and You do not agree,
To set my Heart at LIBERTY.

We'll follow Hymen's happy Train,
And every idle Care disdain;
We'll live in sweet Tranquility,
Nor wish for greater LIBERTY.